

TITLE: Dense

AUTHOR: Amethyst Crow | mzamethystcrow@yahoo.com

RATING: Mature (This is long and full of sex! GAH! It's VERY graphic...)

CHARACTERS: Anakin Skywalker and Padme Amidala

DISCLAIMER: George Lucas'...not mine! I'm just borrowing them. *Thoughts*

The man was as dense as a Nubian fog in the morning. Didn't he see that she had feelings for him? Sure, all her handmaidens enjoyed torturing her. They would say that the look in her eyes was lustful, hopeful, demented. They could see the way her cheeks turned pink when he was around, the way her eyes would glaze...She had a crush on him, damn it. They all knew it, she knew it, hell, probably Obi-Wan knew too, but didn't feel inclined to fill his Padawan in. She would swear that they would snicker at her behind her back, but it was all for fun. They also laughed at his stupidity.

Padmé downed her drink in one swallow and turned around to watch Anakin from across the room. He really didn't have any idea. For a Jedi, she thought he was quite stupid not to notice the obvious signals she gave: revealing outfits, suggestive comments, flirting...

Yep, she thought, *he's dense...but not for long.*

She continued contemplating her plan of action. She was the Queen of Naboo. She could have whatever she wanted. Anyone she wanted, but she chose him.

He will be mine...oh yes...he will be mine.

She watched as he stood there, conversing with all the attendees to her party, glancing at her every now and then to make sure she was still there. She didn't care that he was her bodyguard and friend. Oh, she wanted him to be more, much more.

He looked magnificent. He was a tall, blond, blue-eyed babe. He seemed to take great care in his appearance, and Padmé was very grateful for that. She could see the tan skin on his neck and she suddenly had the urge to play with his braid. He wore a crisp, white shirt and black pants. She could easily see the muscle definition that was hidden underneath his clothes. Or, maybe it was her imagination. Her thoughts wandered to what he might possibly look like without... Padmé closed her eyes and let the erotic thoughts come. She wanted to worship his body. She thought about what she wanted to do to him: devour his mouth, kiss his skin, and make him beg her for release with his sexy voice...no, what she will do to him just as soon as... a sinful smile and a blissful sigh were the reaction. She opened her eyes to gaze again at her lust object.

The smile immediately left her face when she saw him flirting with a young woman. Flirting! She was pissed. No, no she was beyond pissed. She knew she had no right to feel this furious; he didn't belong to her.

He will damn it! Padmé whirled around and placed the glass on the bar before she broke it with her grip. She tried to calm herself. She tried to analyze what he was doing. She tried anything to ignore his actions. She slowly turned around again, hoping that what she saw was her imagination playing a cruel trick on her.

She was wrong. She continued to stare at Anakin easily flirting with the pretty redhead. She giggled. He grinned. He pulled a lock of hair out of her face. She blushed. Padmé could feel her face getting red with anger. She wanted to kill the woman for getting her prey's attention, but she also wanted to kill herself for even inviting the woman. She couldn't even remember the woman's name, she was so angry. Why couldn't Anakin act this way with her? She refused to believe that he only thought of her as a friend and employer. Men thought about sex all the time, didn't they?

I'll remind him... Padmé thought and slapped a wicked smile on her face to match her thoughts. She was going to show him exactly what she wanted to do to him...as punishment. If it took that much to get the absolutely dense man to realize it, then so be it. He was going to suffer. She placed her hands on her hips, digging her fingers into the pockets of her leather pants.

"Padmé? Are you, all right?"

Padmé could hear the concern in Sabé's voice. She kept her gaze locked on Anakin and the woman she deemed as a slut when she answered, "Yes, Sabé, I'm fine. Would you do me a favor? Would you please tell my bodyguard that someone would like a word with him in private?"

"Who?" Sabé said and turned to follow her Queen's gaze.

Padmé kept the vicious smile on her face when she turned to look at her best friend. She was daring Sabé to figure it out aloud.

"Ohh..." Sabé was quick. A smile, equally as vicious, slowly appeared as she turned back to the almost kissing couple. She knew what Padmé wanted the instant she heard the acute anger in her voice.

"Yes, Your Majesty," She sassed and bowed her head. Padmé knew Sabé was astute enough to figure out her plan. She also knew that Sabé would take the steps to ensure it was followed through.

Padmé nodded and left the room, eager to give out her punishment.

~

Anakin was so intent on winning the affection of the woman in front of him that he didn't notice her approach. Sabé bit her lip to contain her laughter and then cleared her throat to announce her presence.

“Excuse me, Anakin? Your presence is requested in the Conference Room.”
She waited. She knew he heard her, but didn’t seem inclined to acknowledge her.

“Now,” She stressed and gained perverse satisfaction when Anakin finally turned around with a scowl on his face. She smiled sweetly and pointed to the direction Padmé headed off in.

She felt like she was going to be knocked over when he sighed and marched out of the room and down the long hallway. Sabé turned to the woman watching him leave. When she finally turned back to her, Sabé gave her a murderous glare. The confused young woman backed away and retreated into the crowd.

Sabé heaved her shoulders in a redeeming sigh and smiled. *Anakin Skywalker is in for it now.* She found the other handmaidens in a group by the balcony in discussion and decided to enlighten them of their Queen’s malicious intent.

~

Anakin entered the dim Conference Room, his head bowed in frustration. Just when I was about to hook up... He knew Sabé had enjoyed interrupting him. He was going to make damn sure he got her back for that. He was so distracted by his thoughts of revenge that he didn’t notice the conference room was empty. He did notice, however the soft click of the door locking behind him. Concerned, Anakin stopped. He immediately reached for his lightsaber, only to find it absent. He cursed himself for taking Padmé’s suggestion of leaving all weapons at home. He tried to turn around, but stopped when he felt the small barrel of a Nubian blaster on his back.

“Don’t move.”

Padmé? He was thoroughly confused. He heard no murderous intention from Padmé’s whispered command. He didn’t feel it either. He felt something deeper, more primitive from her. He couldn’t quite place it. He grinned, thinking she was playing a joke on him.

“Pad-”

“Don’t speak either,” she whispered angrily and prodded him with her blaster.

He felt a twinge of fear. Not from her, but from himself. She was dead serious. He heard Padmé step back, feeling the blaster leave the middle of his back.

“I want you to sit in this chair,” she kicked a chair in front of her, next to Anakin. “Now.”

Anakin winced at the sharpness in her voice. He didn’t think it would be wise to question her about her actions at this point.

“Put your arms behind the chair. Now,” she stressed the last word quietly when he didn’t comply fast enough for her. His mind instinctively screamed at him not to listen to her. He decided to placate her and do what she said when he felt the barrel of the gun on the back of his head.

He felt Padmé jerk his arms back and up with one hand, forcing him to bend over in the chair. She brought her leg up, pressing her knee into his back to keep him from moving. He grimaced in pain and repressed the urge to scream as she held him in that position. She casually set the blaster down and quickly bound his hands with Nubian froepa rope, which was unbreakable, even for a Jedi. She smirked the whole time, enjoying her power.

He was gasping by the time she had finished and regained her blaster. He was now completely at her mercy. She dropped her foot to the floor and slowly walked around the chair to face him. She raised an eyebrow at his angry expression.

He tried to regain his breathing all the while cursing himself for indulging her requests. *I'm supposed to be her bodyguard, damn it, what the hell is she doing?* He swallowed hard when he saw the serene, but sadistic look in her eyes. She had a very disturbing smile on her face.

She lifted her blaster and cocked her head to the side. She took a moment to look at her captured prey. She couldn't believe how simple it was to tame him. She had him exactly where she wanted him. He looked positively scared. *Perfect...*

"I want you to apologize, Anakin," she stated quietly and waited for a response. "For what?" He strangled out, confused.

"For being the densest man alive...among other things..." Padmé dropped her arm and let the blaster rest at her side.

"Untie me Padmé..." He tried to struggle out of the tough, tight rope binding his hands.

Her laugh was downright Sithly. He couldn't get free, the door was locked, and she had a blaster at her disposal. He concluded that he must have done something to piss her off.

"Apologize."

"I don't understand."

"Apologize."

"What did I do?"

"Apologize."

"Untie me."

"Apologize."

"Padmé!"

She had stayed calm through his pleas until he had practically shouted her name. Her temper pricked, she once again lifted her leg and slammed her boot into his chest, knocking him and the chair backwards, to the floor. He grunted in pain and at the added pressure on his hands beneath him when she straddled him. She pushed the chair out from under him while he tried to catch his breath.

He was now stretched out on the floor with the normally timid Queen of Naboo straddling him with a blaster pointed at his chest. By now, Anakin was wondering why none of her handmaidens had come looking for her... and rescuing him from the determined and possibly demented woman.

"I'm sorry..." She leaned down and whispered in his ear. She didn't mean to be so rough, but felt only a tiny bit of guilt. "Now you say it...Please."

"I'm not going to say anything with a blaster pointed at me, Padmé," He said, barely able to calm his anger. He was still trying to break free of his bonds. He should have been able to use the Force to help him, but unfortunately, the alcohol he had earlier seemed to have an effect on his ability.

Padmé immediately discarded the blaster and waited for his apology. "What am I supposed to apologize for?" He whispered.

She let him see the exasperated look on her face. She felt like screaming! The man was going to drive her insane. She shook her head and chuckled.

"You really don't have any idea, do you?" She questioned, sympathetically. She was tired of playing games. She reached up and cupped his face, noticing the startled look on his face before she ever so gently pressed her lips against his.

He immediately forgot about his anger and vulnerable situation when he felt her soft, sweet lips on his. She forced his mouth open with her tongue and lightly brushed his. He responded instinctively to her summons. She tasted good, and his body couldn't help but notice that fact. Or that she was sitting on top of his crotch...

When she lifted her head, she couldn't help but laugh at his stunned expression. "I said you were dense...stupid, too..."

Anakin didn't think that epiphanies were supposed to come at gunpoint, but this one had. He agreed with her on the fact he was dense. He wasn't about to tell her so. He wondered what else she was going to do, if he refused to apologize. She had thrown the blaster to the other side of the room. He grinned when he realized that she must have seen him earlier trying to flirt with the cute redhead. *No wonder she's pissed... I must be a Masochist, but then she's a Sadist for doing this to me...I wonder how long she's...*

Padmé concluded he had finally got her point when she saw the light of realization behind his eyes and his grin.

“This is your own fault Anakin. You didn’t pay attention. You’re a man, you should have. I gave you all the signals...”

Anakin was only half paying attention now while she rambled off all that she had done and all that he ignored. Oh, he had paid attention, all right. And he certainty noticed how the blouse she was wearing was extremely low cut. He gathered from the generous view that she wasn’t wearing a bra either.

He groaned when she sat back, rubbing her mound against his now aroused groin. She either didn’t seem to notice or she didn’t care. He continued to listen, quietly bound, as she gave him all the reasons as to why he had ignored her. He hadn’t ignored her, either. He noticed from the day her attitude changed towards him, that she had a crush on him. He didn’t have the foggiest idea why he didn’t do anything about it. He felt the exact same way about her. Maybe he wasn’t dense, he agreed again mentally, but he was stupid.

She had to have heard his sharp intake of breath when she leaned down, again rubbing him, judging by the mischievous look in her beautiful, brown eyes.

“Well?”

“Well, what?” he barely stammered out, forgetting his thoughts.

“Oh that’s it! That is, it, Anakin. I’ve had it with you! Damn you...”

She was furious again. He watched in perverse pleasure as she reached down and ripped open his shirt, causing several buttons to pop off, all the while listening as she went on a tirade, throwing insults at him.

She stopped in mid-sentence when she saw his well-muscled chest. It was better than what she had imagined. She bit her lip and whimpered. She ran her hands all over his chest and washboard stomach.

He was too stunned to speak. The woman changed emotions faster than his Podracer could fly. He closed his eyes when he felt her sweep her tongue over his body. She licked his collarbone, tasting the salty skin. He let out a ragged breath when she reached his nipples. She took one in her mouth, while she ran her other hand up and down his chest.

“Ow! Padmé?!” He cried out when she bit him. She leaned back, giving him a feral, wicked look. He was back to being confused.

“You’re going to pay, Anakin Skywalker, oh yes you are,” Her hands flew to his belt and yanked it free from around his body. His eyes widened when she undid the zipper down and pulled his hard arousal from his pants, roughly stroking it. He forced his eyes closed and struggled again against his confinement. He wanted to be free. Now.

"I wonder...do you want me... now?" She asked seductively when she heard his harsh groan. She continued pumping him until he was moaning in pleasure and pain. She enjoyed watching his face contort and hearing him whimper for release. It was almost what she wanted. Almost.

She heard his half gasp, half whisper of his admission that he was about to cum and decided to take pity on him, rather than make a mess in her Conference Room. Just to torture him, she stopped suddenly; causing him to jerk his head forward and watch as she ever so slowly bent her head to his penis.

He felt he'd died and gone to hell. He was convinced she was being cruel on purpose and he loved every minute of it. He watched with half-closed eyes as she slowly edged her tongue around the head of his penis, then moving her tongue along the sides, and in between his testicles. Finally, she took the length of him into her small, sweet mouth. She bobbed her head up and down, slowly then increasing her pace then slowing again, sucking and blowing him. He felt the pressure build rapidly and couldn't hold back his release when she let out a loud, delicious moan.

He never imagined even in his wildest fantasies about her that she should would do this to him, let alone give him oral sex. He was too drained to feel embarrassed that she had swallowed his cum. She didn't seem to mind, though.

Padmé stood up and giggled. Anakin was still panting for breath and had his eyes tightly closed. He was still suffering from his powerful climax she brought on.

She heard him plead with her to untie him, but she refused. She wasn't finished with him just yet. She quickly stripped herself of her clothes, not caring where she was, who she was, or what she was doing. She did the same to him.

She straddled him again, quickly stroking his penis into arousal again. She heard him groan, nodding with satisfaction. Placing one hand on his chest and lifting herself up, she placed the tip of his penis inside her.

"Please...please..Padmé...please..."

She felt like a Goddess. She had him begging for her attention. She slowly lowered herself onto him, gasping at the wonderful feeling of him inside her. She couldn't remember the last time she had sex and it felt wonderful to release her sexual tension. She slowly rocked her mound back and forth, causing tremors of pleasure to shoot up her spine. She threw her head back and grabbed the edge of the conference table.

Anakin had to grit his teeth to keep from yelling at the vixen driving him mad. Didn't she understand that this was exquisite torture? It was simply too much to bear. He wanted to touch her silky skin, fist his hands in her soft hair, and impale himself in her at his own pace. He wanted to prove to her that he had been paying attention to her attempts all along. And he was damn tired of being tied up.

Gathering as much strength as he could, or perhaps it was the Force, he finally broke his bonds, releasing his hands.

“No!” Padmé cried out when she realized he’d gotten free.

“Yes, oh yes...” he whispered harshly and sat up, grabbing her hair and forcing her head back. She tried to fight him, but gave up when she realized she had no chance.

He ceased her movements when he stood up, wrapping her legs around his waist. He forced her back onto the conference table and held her hands in his own.

“My turn...” he spat out and slipped his penis out of her, releasing her hands.

He heard her whimper and grinned sadistically. He bent down between her legs and placed her legs on his shoulders.

He promptly replaced his penis with his tongue and devoured her. She had to bite her hand to keep from screaming. She arched her back and almost came off the table. Anakin didn’t seem inclined to stop his assault either. He grazed his teeth against her nub purposely several times just to drive her mad.

When her whimpering had become strangled cries, he quickly stood up and slammed into her, arching her body high. The back of her thighs pounded against chest as he threw his head back and increased his pace.

Padmé was screaming Anakin’s name and beginning for him not to stop. It was the sweetest sound of revenge in his ears. He wound his hands in her hair and jerked her upright, taking even more of him inside of her.

“Look at me. Padmé, look at me,” He said through gritted teeth.

Padmé opened her eyes to look at Anakin, almost shedding the tears that were there. She braced her hands on the table, her legs over his shoulders, letting her lover primitively mate with her.

“I’m sorry...”

She felt free...her orgasm radiated throughout her body almost as violently as Anakin fucked her. It was so overwhelming and her throat was sore, that she couldn’t cry out. Tears she streamed down her cheeks as wave after wave racked her body.

Anakin shouted her name when his own climax hit him. He came into her and quickly stilled his movements, grunting and groaning until his climax passed, relishing in the feeling.

He released his hold and dropped her legs to the table. He lowered his head to her shoulder and waited for air to enter his lungs.

Padmé was quietly sobbing. Anakin lifted his head and immediately felt guilty for being so rough. He changed his mind when he saw her satisfied smile. She opened her eyes and took his face in her hands.

“I’m in love with you...” She whispered.

“Really? I hadn’t noticed.” Anakin said, testing her temper. He was thankful when she laughed and nodded.

“Yes, you did.”

Her smile was contagious. He threaded his fingers through her dark, damp hair. He caressed her cheek and brushed away the dampness there. He silently told her with his smile and eyes what she needed to hear.

He wasn’t so dense after all.

The End

Comments? Feedback? Should I be worried that I am a perverted person? :p